



The
Pinkerton
Critic

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March 1937

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March
1937

-- Pinkerton --



*"O Pinkerton, we hail thee
Facing the eastern light."*

DERRY VILLAGE,
N. H.



EDITORIAL



PROPAGANDA

The American people are too gullible for their own good. "Try anything once" is their unconcerned motto, but too often once isn't enough and they will try it a second, third or fourth time without discrimination. They will gladly buy quantity and appearance and trust in the quality forthcoming. But more tragic than the fact is the condition. The American people are dangerously gullible but they scorn one who would reveal the fact or attempt a remedy. They are satisfied with being gullible.

An American dislikes to be duped by a friend, but when it comes to a salesman or a politician, he becomes a victim of appearances, and willingly it seems; the final thing is pictured for him and he grasps at it without any critical sense whatsoever. He may ask how, why or when, but he is too concerned with the results of his venture to take in the answers to these questions. What he wants to believe, he believes. With the rest he is not concerned.

You Americans won't like this. Even though you might find an inkling of truth in it, you will go right on building up an argument in defense of your action. In the end you won't like admitting your own inadequacy. You will probably dupe yourself a little more by blaming the politician or the salesman.

America is overrun with propaganda. It is the very essence of this industrial world. The quality of that essence is to be questioned. It is on billboards, in magazines and newspapers, delivered by word of mouth over the radio, and whispered from ear to ear by eager individuals.

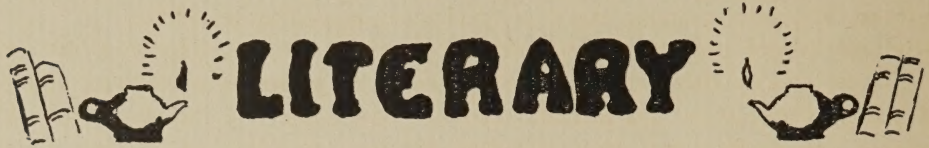
But so little of propaganda is dependable that it is truly said that we are guinea pigs. Even more important is the dangerous truth that we are guinea pigs in the world of politics. What we see and like, what we hear and are willing to believe, we take without further investigation. Within a year or two we bemoan the conditions existing within our country.

We like a man's smile, so we take it for granted that he is honest and wise. He gives us prepared jobs which we accept, then wonder why our dollar doesn't go as far as it did when there were fewer.

What are we Americans going to do about the situation?

"Do?" you ask. "Why nothing. I don't agree with what you believe."

"No doubt," I say, "but would you give it a second thought?"



THE STOKER'S PAW

The boy, a grimy coal stoker, crept warily over the tramp steamer's deck, alert to every slightest sound in the night.

He halted his slow crawl and cast quick glances about him, his chest heaving rapidly under his sweat drenched singlet. Was that a voice he heard? The boy held his breath, his face strained with anxious listening. But then he relaxed. It was only a momentary rattle of the rudder chain that disturbed the silence. He crept on again, his right hand about a tin pail he was bringing with him. Only absently he was aware of the dull pounding of the engines and the water frothing astern as the small ship plodded through the moonlit ocean.

He slowly crept on, but suddenly he dropped flat against the deck plates and lay motionless, huddled close to the main hatch, in the black shadow, out of reach of the treacherous moonlight. He heard a slight noise over at the companion-way aft, and then followed a sound of footsteps. From where the boy lay he saw the dark figure of a man outlined against the sky—the steward. The boy made not a sound; he lay quiet, his young face tense, under perspiration and coal dust, and his pulse thumping in time with the monotonous heart beats of the rugged old tramp steamer as the ship made its way through the equatorial seas.

The boy strained his ears to the steward's steps that trailed off toward midship. Not until the man opened the galley door did the boy venture to move. He reached out his arm and put the small tin pail down ahead of him on the deck. He crept on a few paces, then stopped and listened intently for a sound. Again he resumed his crawl. This was the fifth night he had done this thing, and each time he became increasingly cautious, not daring to think of the consequences in case he was caught.

He wiped from his brow the soot-mixed perspiration that trickled into his eyes. Even now in the night it was unbearably hot, the close air weighing like lead on his chest. But God! The torture of noon when from an unclouded sky the fierce sun poured its fire into the sea and down upon the tramp steamer's decks! But far down below this, below blazing sunshine and a sea swimming in heat, deep down at the very bottom of the ship was Hell's hottest hole—the stoke hold where three boilers trembled under internal pressure, and where six white hot furnaces devoured the coal as fast as the gasping stoker was able to shovel it in.

Down there in the stoke hold were the realms of insufferable thirst. The fireman moaned as he shoveled coal into the fires. Sweat was pouring off him. The stoker boy watched in silence. . . .

"God, I feel sick!" he groaned. A hollow sound rose from his throat. He leaned weakly against the bulkhead. He looked helpless and small; he was a young boy not more than seventeen.

The stoker said nothing. He stood limp and apathetic, staring before him. He looked into the pail he held in his hand. "Half of it's rust," he said bitterly. "It's rotten. It's dirty and hot!"

The fire tender began to swear. He mumbled his curses in a low and tense stream as if he were pronouncing a weird chant to some heathen idol.

His voice stopped, and there was only the sound of smug purring from the furnaces in the two squatting boilers. He glanced at the gauge whose moving pointer told him that the steam was falling. He bent down and dug the shovel into the coals that were pouring out from the bunker opening. Suddenly he wheeled around and faced the boy. He scowled. "You'll go tonight again!" he snapped fiercely. "You've got to go! But God, be careful!"

"I'll go," the boy mumbled and passed his hand over his ashen face.

"I must be careful," he repeated to himself as he now crept over the deck in the night, while the battered freighter labored onward under the indifferent moon. Slowly he crept on. He was half way now, and merciful God! he must not allow them to catch him! He must succeed tonight—and every night here-after until the ship reached port and he could escape, get away from this infernal torture!

The white moonlight poured down upon the sea, upon the plodding ship. The boy crept over the deck. Now he halted and crouched by the after hatch. He fixed his eyes on the fresh water tank a short way ahead, for in that tank was clear and cold unsullied water—the captain's water. He remembered the thrill when on that first night he plunged his pail through the opening in the tank-tap and felt the cool water lapping about his hand and forearm, and how he drank as he sat under cover of the tarpaulin! He gulped down the water in long drafts. He drank and felt his hot throat being cooled. How his spirits revived, and his courage returned!

The boy trembling with excitement, crawled to the very end of the hatch. He halted—he was now only a few feet from the tank, but the short stretch was the most difficult part of the way, for it lay white and bare in the moonlight, exposed to full view from the commander's bridge, and up there was the danger. The boy glanced anxiously behind him and up. The second mate was on duty, and at times he stepped to the bridge rail and stood looking out over the sea. The boy felt his pulse beating madly as he watched for a chance to slip across the moonlit patch. It must be done when the mate turned his back and walked to the opposite side of the bridge. Just now he was leaning against the bridge rail and speaking to the helmsman. The man replied with a soft laugh.

Down by the hatch the boy waited. Had the mate spied him? But then why didn't he do something? The boy felt as if a thousand eyes were on him, as though he were exposed to the full glare of sun and moon. But presently the mate drew himself up and strolled leisurely from the rail. Thank God he had not seen him! He glided swiftly across the moonlit section and slipped into the shadow of the mizzen mast.

He was now close to the tank—so close that by reaching out his hand he was able to touch the tarpaulin. He had done it again! He moved his hand feverishly to the tank side. He would drink! But first he would wait a moment and enjoy his maddening thirst. Water, he thought, what a wonderful thing it is! What is better than a brook purling among small pebbles on a summer day under the coolness of low-hanging boughs?

He lifted his hand to remove the cast iron disc that covered the opening in the tank-tap, but it stuck. The cover stuck. A startled look came to the boy's face. He tried again. He tugged and pulled, but the disc would not budge. . . . The

cover was screwed down tightly with iron bolts. The boy stared dazedly out between the tarpaulin flaps; he stared up at the bridge, his raised hand still gripping the cover. Up there the mate was again leaning against the rail, looking down upon the moonlit deck. He grinned. Then he turned and said something to the helmsman and there in the moonlight they laughed.

Virginia Bloomfield '39

ON WEIGHING IN PUBLIC

Of all the embarrassing and most distressing situations, the one of being weighed in public stands out the most abominably.

That awful monster—the scales—peers out at me on all sides. The esteem my parents had for it in my earlier years, when each ounce summed a precious jewel to be kept and added to, has now entirely disappeared.

Respect turns into contempt as I see every ounce climbing the ladder until another pound has added itself to its fellows.

What untold misery invades my being when I find myself reviewing the notorious calories silently yet obviously increasing my poundage.

I find myself surrounded by so many merciless beings, eyes fixed so intently on the face of the scales as the needle turns to indicate my impending corpulency, leaving me in my wretchedness—the object of unrelenting jest.

If only some sympathetic friend would come and rescue me from these remorseless scales, and I no more should have to face that accursed ordeal of being weighed in public.

Esther Crossley '38

GOING TO THE DENTIST

In the daily trend of life many minute details develop which demand our consideration. Going to the dentist is a painful thought with which to cope.

In varied attitudes the victim of hortative influences delays his inevitable trip to the local tooth preserver. Hortative influences, I say, because as one attentively listens to the radio, invariably an enthusiastic voice urges you to see your dentist; newspapers reiterate the thought and soon havoc is evoked in your mental faculties.

Perhaps the weather is too cold or not suitable. Either that or your time is too well taken. While contemplating an appointment with unusual fortitude, I glimpsed myself as had happened before, on the adjustable chair, head back, at the mercy of the obese, non-committal tooth surgeon who complacently drilled my tooth. I quailed to think of the tense clutching of the arms of the chair as the drill struck a sensitive nerve. The pain was excruciating in its sharpness. It was sufficient to persuade me to thrust the trip from my mind.

You let a person josh you about your timidity or allow a friend to remark upon the degenerated condition of your teeth and the vanity comes to the surface, overpowering all other forces and no longer do you postpone the dreadful episode.

Eileen Morrison '38

COOPERATION

It doesn't take one person
It doesn't take a nation
But what it takes to get along
Is chiefly cooperation.

It can't be had by few
So each one, get to work!
Pull together, not apart,
There is no time to shirk.

It's needed in the classroom,
In games and sports and such,
Why not get together
When team-work means so much?

Ruth Brooks '38

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE

Sinclair Lewis

Mr. Sinclair Lewis has brought to us one of the most unique books of the years. He has not only given us a novel but a thought for every true American. In "It Can't Happen Here," the author brings about conditions which lead to dictatorship in America.

Doremus Jessup was a country editor. His people were for generations, Vermonters. He believed in the American democracy, but he believed the country was ripe for dictatorship. He had seen the rise and influence of Long, Smith, Coughlin and others.

Mr. Lewis, very logically develops conditions and situations where a political party through propaganda becomes a dictatorial over our country. The one man who was the dictator went by the name of Beryelius Windrip. But even Doremus Jessup, who realized these conditions were coming, could not comprehend the full extent to which it was carried by Windrip. Concentration camps sprang up and Jessup's whole family was involved.

The author has not only given us a political and economic background for his book but has woven into it a very interesting love element. Mr. Lewis has also given to us some good character studies. Mrs. Emma Jessup, for example, was a lady more interested in her pies than the political situations which involved her as well as others. Lorinda was quite the opposite of Jessup's wife, showing interest in the affairs of the world, and would have made a much better companion for Doremus. Many characters the author has made true to life.

In all it is a well balanced novel which holds ones interest from beginning to end.

Thomas Howard '37

French Section

LE GARÇON AMÉRICAIN À CÔTÉ DU GARÇON FRANÇAIS

Le garçon américain a une manière gaie, jolie avec une tendance vers la brusquerie. Il est sans souci et presque sans considération. Ses idées sont bien fixées et il les exprime d'une manière un peu bornée. Le garçon américain n'a peur de rien. Il s'amuse bien et il n'est jamais fatigué. Il n'est pas sentimental et quand il aime une jeune fille spéciale, il lui dit d'une franchise bourrue un peu imparfaite mais sincère.

Maintenant mettons le garçon français à côté du garçon américain. Le garçon français a une manière gaie mais il est très poli et courtois. Il est plus attentif à la sensibilité des autres et il ne fait pas les choses sans en penser avant. Le garçon français est modeste mais on ne peut pas dire qu'il a peur. Son idée de bon amusement n'est pas la "musique swing" mais le violon doux et remuant. Il parle avec une tendresse et une allusion de romance dans la voix à la jeune fille de sa rêve.

Maintenant vous avez le garçon américaine à côté du garçon français. Tous les deux ont leurs fautes et leurs qualités. Je suis à peine un juge des deux.

Ruth Spear '37

L'HISTOIRE D'AMOUR

La nuit est belle quand dans la lune on voit
 La mine vivante que vraiment on adore,
 Quand tout le ciel devient un vrai grand toit
 Qui cache les coeurs de deux aimants encore.
 C'est quand chaque astre devient une espérance gallante
 Les espérances de tous les jours prochains,
 Quand chaque nuage céleste n'est pas trop important
 Pour mettre en liberté enfin
 Les astres. Toute les étoiles brillantes, lointaines,
 Qui, si l'on remarquait chacune seule,
 Seraient les points sans importance qui mènent
 Les petites étincelles d'une meule
 Mais les memes étoiles, si l'on les regarde ensembles
 Deviennent, avec un grand coup d'oeil,
 Un beau spectacle, très magnifique. Et tremblent
 Les yeux admiratives qui veulent
 Les voir comme ça. Toutes les espérances d'une vie
 Avec un amoureux, un joli coeur.
 La vie ensemble, c'est bonne, c'est une pensée jolie.
 L'histoire d'amour écrite dans les cieux.

Gail Clark '37

UN TRÈS PETIT CONTE

"Il écouta des oreilles attentives. Oui, il entendit l'égratignure encore. C'était comme des griffes sur la fenêtre mais il n'osa pas regarder.

"Quelque chose tomba au fond. Le cœur cessa de frapper pendant un moment, donc il frappa follement encore. La chose venait! L'homme sentit la haleine chaude contre la figure.

"Il sentit quelque chose à la gorge. Il leva les doigts et il trouva du sang gluant aussi qui coula lentement de la blessure.

"Mon Dieu, soupira-t-il, donc il poussa un cri terrible. Encores les égratignures à la gorge—"

Jacques Badouin, tais-toi! Vous savez très bien que les histoires comme cela surexcite votre soeur."

"Oui," répondit Jacques, et il ferma "La Fenêtre Ouverte," un livre.

Norton Bagley '37

LE MOIS DE MARS

Le mois de mars est venu,
La belle neige a disparu.
Encore la terre est la couleur de brun et vert
Et je hume le parfum de ce joli air.

Mais, bientôt le vent est arrivé;
C'est mal comme on a aperçu.
Nos pauvres petits chapeaux sont tombés
Et il nous faut les suivre dans les rues.

Dorothy Fullonton '37

 CAN YOU GUESS?

1. What we must all do in order to succeed.
2. A cold weather sport—on ice.
3. ——— of us must do his part to make a better school.
1. Head of a school.
2. The girl whom I meant was her. This sentence is ———.
3. The name for the Senior Girls' Basketball Team.
4. Sanborn Seminary is located here.
5. Dreaded by every student.
6. We all wait for the bell to ——— at 2:00 P. M.
7. Miss Billings' favorite sentences.
8. An expression used quite often after a long assignment has been given out.
9. An enjoyable period at school.
1. Something which every teacher likes in a classroom.
2. An interesting and worth while diversion.
3. A part of the schedule for sports.
4. Your idea of this puzzle.
5. We should take an ——— in our school activities.
6. The name of the School Paper.



Station PAC Broadcasting

Class Notes

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Station J. E. A. N. flashing to you the news of the day pictured by Pinkerton Critic.

Tonight, Listeners, I know you will be interested when I tell you that the Senior Play was a grand success.

Hedges and Percyval wrote it, Mr. Wheelock directed it, and the Seniors presented "Grumpy"! Romance and mystery were well portrayed by that troupe of veterans as follows:

Mr. Andrew Bullivant	Frederick Draper
Virginia Bullivant	Jean Barrington
Mr. Ernest Heron	Vaughan Stevens
Mr. Jarvis	Thomas Howard
Ruddock	Norton Bagley
Mr. Valentine Wolfe	Stanley Niciejewski
Mrs. Merridew	Margaret Taintor
Keble	Harold Gurley
Susan	Elizabeth Gundell
Dr. Maclaren	Peter Young
Mrs. Maclaren	Dorothea Myatt
Dawson	Paul Blanchard

Radio Audience, have you noticed those enticing rings the Seniors have been wearing? They are a product of L. C. Balfour Company known throughout New England as one of its best jewelers.

But just a moment Listeners! I see all the Seniors dressed in their very best! What? Oh yes! The great day has dawned! Radio Audience, Vantine has arrived to take those pictures you will soon see.

Now Listeners, we have a number by popular Louis Armstrong's Swing Time Band. But wait! Do I see familiar faces in the audience! Of course, it's the Senior Play Cast, having a grand time in Boston. Everyone there folks? Their director is counting noses again!

I will now turn the next fifteen minutes of the Pinkerton Academy Critic Hour over to station R. U. T. H. Are you ready? Station J. E. A. N. signing off!

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Ready! This is Station R-U-T-H broadcasting over a frequency of 1938 kilocycles.

Our station reporter brings you highlights in the News! Flash!

Excellent sportsmanship and teamwork were displayed in one of the most exciting games of the basketball season—the game between the Juniors and the Freshmen A boys. The Freshmen A boys won the game, also the interclass trophy after a thrilling overtime period.

Pauline Senecal, Eunice Parshley, and Eileen Morrison were members of the Girls' Varsity, while Wilbur Fay, Russell Provencher, Stanley Levandowski, and Leo Latulippe appeared on the Varsity for the Boys.

The Juniors regret to announce that they have had to bid their farewells to Amy Lang. May she have the best of luck in her new surroundings.

The Junior Class successfully presented their annual play. "The Patsy" afforded those who attended rollicking fun and exciting romance. Miss Billings directed the following cast:

William Harrington	Wilfred Lee
Mrs. Harrington	Lucille Morrison
Grace Harrington	Doris Wilson
Patricia Harrington	Antoinette Pieroni
Tony Anderson	Leonard Gonye
Billy Caldwell	Raymond Ainsworth
Sadie Buchanan	Lois Wilson
Francis Patrick O'Flaherty	Henry Pelky
"Trip" Busty	Sammy Gelt

Now for a bit of entertainment!

Listen, folks! Do you hear it? Yes, it's the music of Ed Harvey and his orchestra, coming to you direct from the auditorium of Pinkerton Academy. Those Juniors have certainly worked to make this, their Junior Prom, a success. The hall is very beautifully decorated in blue and white. Gay couples are dancing by and everyone seems to be having an excellent time.

Time does not permit us to listen further to this lovely music, so, this is Station R-U-T-H signing off!

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

Good evening Ladies and Gentlemen of the radio audience. This is station reporter R. E. B. bringing to you once more tidings of the Sophomore Class.

Special News Bulletin coming to you direct from the Veterans' Memorial Hall, where the speedy Sophomores have just overcome the Seniors 19-11 to win the Girls' Basketball Championship Trophy.

Flash!

Did you see the large number of Sophomore girls on the Varsity Squad? They certainly made a good showing. They included: Theresa Bernier, Grace Hook, Barbara Torrey, Ruth Bagley, Louise Pieroni, Virginia Smith, and Freda Gardner, future stars for Pinkerton's coming basketball triumph.

We are sorry to disappoint you, but once more our time is up, but we will return to the air in June for our final "Pinkerton Critic Hour" with more news of the Class of 1939.

Until then, this is station reporter R. E. B. bidding you all good evening.

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

Hello everyone! This is station B-A-B-Y broadcasting to you the news of the now fully organized Freshman Class—"1940"—at Pinkerton Academy.

Its members have chosen these officers:

<i>President</i>	FOSTER BALL
<i>Vice President</i>	VIRGINIA PADDLEFORD
<i>Secretary</i>	MARILYN SMITH
<i>Treasurer</i>	ARMAND COTE

Members of the Student Council are:

KATHRYN FAY	BASIL MORIN
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They have chosen excellent colors for their banner, a combination of red and blue, and it hangs in its appropriate place in Chapel.

These peppy Freshmen won the Boys' Basket Ball Trophy—quite an achievement. All the other sports found them much interested also.

They are on their way to a four year attendance at Pinkerton Academy and it promises to be a good one.

SCHOOL NOTES

The winter term at Pinkerton started January 4th after the holiday recess, with everyone ready to make a fresh start.

The agricultural department of the Academy started on its eventful season by organizing an employment agency for the benefit of boys studying agriculture, which gives them the opportunity to work for a little cash and experience. In connection with this, the Clicking Clan Chapter, in charge of agricultural instructor, Alfred F. Connor, presented a program in Manchester, Tuesday, January 5th, explaining the employment bureau. Members of the class of '40 were participants.

On February 5th the officers of this club, attended by Mr. Connor, were present at the Quimby School "Father and Sons' Night" at Center Sandwich, N. H.

The Girl Reserves of Pinkerton held an impressive initiation at Association Hall, Tuesday, January 5th, accepting as new members: Virginia Gratton '40, Patricia Robertson '38 and Virginia Akins '40. On that occasion a talk by Mrs. Felix Seeler was enjoyed.

John D. Ralston, member of the class of 1938 was announced the winner of the school Gorgas Memorial contest. His winning essay will be entered in the state contest.

The students of the academy have enjoyed presenting and hearing a series of Friday activities period programs, which have proved entertaining as well as educational.

The program on January the 8th was by the mathematics department, under the supervision of Mr. Carl Harriman. The entertainment was furnished by various papers and demonstrations and a skit entitled "The Result of Mathematics Studied in the High School."

Professor J. M. McDaniels of Dartmouth College delivered an enlightening speech on "Cooperatives" to the student body on Friday, January 15th. Professor McDaniels also introduced to us Mr. Ernest R. Bryan, public forum speaker.

The Commercial Department, headed by Miss Alice M. Brackett, demonstrated

several machines used for that study, and their uses, as a program for January 22nd. Mr. Frederick Dalton '37 acted as master of ceremonies.

Miss Charlotte Carpenter and her French students presented, as their part, on February 5th, a program entirely in French. It consisted of a group of French songs and a skit, "Le Cuvier" ("The Washtub"), which proved very amusing.

Two welcome improvements have been added to the Pinkerton buildings: new floors in the Home Economics' department, and showers in the girls' and boys' basements.

The display table in the main hall at Pinkerton has been decorated by various biology drawings by the students. Another educational display was the work of the Home Economics department. This was in the form of dolls dressed in the native costumes of foreign countries.

Through the courtesy of the Worcester Art Museum, we have been privileged to see a group of pictures by a French painter.

On Thursday, January 28th a Horticultural meeting was held at Pinkerton.

We have had with us two practice teachers, both from Keene Normal School, Miss Justine Bousquet and Miss Beatrice Judkins.

Among recent visitors at the Academy we have had Miss Louise M. Norton, state supervisor of Home Economics, Mrs. Frederick Austin, who will be remembered as Miss Elizabeth Merriam, former teacher of Latin and French at Pinkerton, Mr. Manuel Lacaya, a student of Pinkerton in 1929, and Mr. Earl H. Little, state supervisor of vocational agriculture.

With Mr. Gaskill's aid, the students of Pinkerton have been allowed to see several expository and entertaining films on various subjects, including "Oranges," "Texas," "Soap Sculpture," one on the process of making corn flakes, another on "Sulphur," one on "Sound" and one on the value of films in the school.

The "Fraternity Four," Frederick Draper, "Red" Gurley, Vaughan Stevens and Robert Hanf, who have often entertained Pinkerton students at the Academy made their radio debut at Manchester, January 18th.

The Pinkerton library is pleased to announce the addition of eighty-six new books to its collection, this year.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC NOTES

This is station reporter P. F. S. broadcasting to you a brief account of the "Girls' Basketball Games."

The season opened with the election of Marion Morrison as Captain with Ruth Brooks as manager, and Miss Charlotte Carpenter and Mr. Richard Gonye coaching the team.

Several practice games with the Alumnae, and Hampstead High School were played during the season to keep the girls in trim.

PINKERTON DEFEATS METHUEN

The Pinkerton team began the interscholastic games on January 13, in Veterans' Hall. After a nip and tuck game, Pinkerton came through with the final score being Pinkerton 22, Methuen 18.

Amelia Romeiko was high scorer for P. A. and both teams exhibited fine co-operation.

P. A. LOSES AT WOODBURY

The Pinkerton squad met with its first defeat of the season when Woodbury High School triumphed over P. A. 29 to 20.

The game was played at Woodbury High School on January 19 with a large crowd in attendance.

PINKERTON WINS RETURN GAME WITH WOODBURY

The Academy team showed its true colors when they won the return game with Woodbury High School in Veterans' Hall. The final score was Pinkerton 27, Woodbury 13.

P. A. WINS SECOND GAME WITH METHUEN

Those who journeyed to Methuen with the team on January 27 witnessed the second Pinkerton victory over Methuen.

Both teams played hard, but the Academy came out on top 13-7.

PINKERTON BOWS TO ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL

A grim fighting Pinkerton team lost to St. Joseph's High School at Manchester, 21 to 14, on February 3.

Marion Morrison displayed her efficiency in making baskets, when she scored eleven of the fourteen points.

ST. JOSEPH'S GIRLS LOSE THE RETURN GAME TO PINKERTON

In a close game which held its audience spellbound, Pinkerton triumphed over St. Joseph's High School on February 15, nineteen to seventeen.

Both of Pinkerton's star forwards, Amelia Romeiko and Marion Morrison played a wonderful game.

PINKERTON SWAPS WITH SANBORN

At Kingston in the traditional game with Sanborn Seminary, Pinkerton was defeated 22 to 17.

At Derry, the Pinkerton Girls triumphed over Sanborn in a victorious game to win the last battle of the season 38 to 26. The Pinkerton Lassies led all the way with Amelia Romeiko high scorer for Pinkerton.

Much of the success of the Pinkerton team we owe to Mr. Bell, Miss Carpenter, and Mr. Gonye for their coaching and co-operation. They helped us in every possible way, and the student body as well as the team appreciate and thank them for their services.

Well the Pinkerton clock tells me it is time to take my leave of you. Watch for the "Girls' Varsity Squad" of 1938. They are going places.

This is station reporter P. F. S. signing off for this evening.

Basketball

Ding, dang, dong! The time is exactly six o'clock, D-R-A-P-E-R, Draper watch time. Six o'clock, just time for the Sports Review, brought to you each evening at this time over station B-A-S-K-E-T-B-A-L-L, through the courtesy of "Peppo," that grand and glorious breakfast food, that gives those Pinkerton boys their pep. Eat "Peppo" and know that same feeling of power and resistance.

Now we give you a "look in" on Pinkerton athletics.

The Lettermen of Pinkerton Academy held a meeting the other day and the captains of the Basketball and Baseball teams were elected. Frederick Draper was elected Basketball captain while "Bill" Torrey was elected to lead the baseball nine.

The varsity squad was as follows: Captain Draper, Harold Gurley, "Andy" Masellis, "Bill" Torrey, Wilbur Fay, "Rusty" Provencher, Stanley Levandowski, Robert Tangney, and Leo Latulippe.

The season began on January 6, 1937, with a game with St. Joseph's of Manchester. The boys were defeated 39-29. However, they came back to win from Methuen, in two overtime periods and one "sudden death" period 19-17. Pinkerton was again defeated by St. Joseph's, in their return game, 27-19. The return game with Methuen netted the boys another victory by the score of 36-30. Pinkerton, however, was again defeated in a close game at Tilton 18-16. Pinkerton was twice beaten by Manchester Central, once 28-12, again 43-21.

The "Booster Night" game was one of the best of the season. The boys on both teams played very well and the victory was well earned by Pinkerton, 30-26.

The last two games were with Sanborn—the first being played at Sanborn where the Pinkerton team was defeated 31-27. The second game was very good; the boys of Pinkerton overcame a seemingly disastrous lead and finally came through to win 28-25. This game, the "Booster Night" game, and the Methuen game were the most exciting games of the season.

In closing the boys wish me to thank those loyal supporters of the student body, the cheer leaders, and everyone else, for the fine support which they gave to Pinkerton as well as the varsity squad. Thank you and good night.

When you go to bed or just before you go to bed, why not have that satisfying feeling that one gets when one eats "Peppo" that glorious food that serves as a breakfast and "night-cap" snack to many thousands of people throughout the United States. Don't forget "Peppo."

DID YOU GUESS?

1. T ry
2. H ockey
3. E ach

1. P rincipal
2. I ncorrect
3. N ever Dies
4. K ingston
5. E xaminations
6. R ing
7. T rue and False
8. O h, dear!
9. N oon Lunch

1. C ooperation
2. R eading
3. I nterclass Games
4. T errible
5. I nterest
6. C ritic

Ruth E. Brooks '38

NIGHTS AT THE ROUND TABLE

Time: Of a Tuesday night.

Place: Home of the editor

Characters: Members of Critic Staff

(Most of the staff has gathered and the meeting is about to commence.)

Draper (Boy Sports' Editor) (at piano)—Listen to this one I learned this afternoon. (Plays wedding march.)

(Faculty Adviser enters.)

Faculty Adviser (ironically)—Good work, Draper.

Business Manager—Ten minutes late as usual.

Faculty Adviser—Well, it was a legitimate excuse this time (sits) Bagley. How much money have you got now?

Bagley (Business Manager)—We've got fourteen dollars now, but you can't get those men to advertise. They won't even give me a fifty cent ad.

Editor—Come on, Bagley. We're here to discuss exchanges. The ads will keep.

Bagley—Yes, they'll keep us in the "red."

Miss Billings (Faculty Adviser)—Well, Tangney, what about the jokes?

Tangney—Oh, they're not so bad. The Sanborn Moose gave me some laughs. Their question and answer page is a good idea too.

O'Brien (Art)—They did very well with their cuts too. They are original and clever. I admire the type of picture they choose to represent each section.

Miss Billings—Here's Methuen's "Blue and White." What do you think of its literary content, Clark?

Editor—I think it's a little weak, but I think the humor section is outstanding. Personally I would prefer a single column magazine, but I expect that is a matter of popular opinion.

Dumont (Assistant Editor)—I have Simond's Log here and think O'Brien would be interested in their cuts. Their print is attractive too.

Miss Billings—Oh say, I just thought of something Bagley. Did Ainsworth see Hatch this afternoon?

Bagley—Oh yes, Miss Billings. He got a dollar ad from him, too.

Miss Billings—Well, Barrington, what you're reading must be interesting.

Barrington—Oh it is. The Lasell Leaves has some excellent literary selections. I was just reading "A Personal Explanation of Love." It's very good.

O'Brien—It is a remarkable magazine and it doesn't require any humor section to uphold it. The poem "Gardenias" I liked especially.

Clark—Dumont, you have the B. F. A. Mercury, what do you think about it?

Dumont—It is the only newspaper we have to consider. Personally I prefer a magazine.

Senecal—A newspaper offers possibilities for the Sports' Section though.

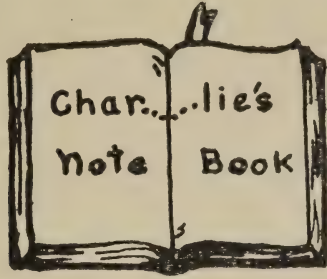
Clark—True. Well, what is your opinion of making exchanges with other schools?

Barrington—It is a sensible way of keeping up to date in magazine styles. I think we all feel that it has been worth while.

Miss Billings—That all, Clark? Barrington is probably eager to be off.

Clark—That's all—Meeting next Tuesday.

Bagley—7:00 P. M.—Sharp.



Dentist to John Devine: "You needn't open your mouth any wider. When I pull your tooth I expect to stand outside."

Althea Sweet: "I was almost left an orphan when I was small."

Marion Morrison: "Gee how lucky. What would you have done with it?"

Dick Smith: "Conductor, will you help me off the train?"

Conductor: "Sure."

Dick Smith: "You see I'm rather stout and I have to get off the train backwards. The porter thinks I'm getting on and gives me a shove back on again. I've gone five stops beyond my station already."

Judge: "Do you consider the defendant Mr. Warren a reliable man? Has he a good reputation for truth and honesty?"

Bill Smith: "Well, to be honest with you Judge, that man has to hire someone to call his hogs at feeding time. They don't believe him."

Albert Dick: (returning from a hunting trip, meets butcher) "Have you any rabbits you can sell me?"

Butcher: "No, but I have some nice sausages."

Dick: "Well, how can I tell Draper I shot a sausage?"

The only thing a Senior girl prefers to meeting a millionaire with a big heart is marrying one with a weak heart.

—— "Why was Mr. Clark talking to you so vigorously?"

Durkee: "Oh, just a matter of *passing* interest."

Niciejewski: "Julius Ceasar didn't have a haircut for over ten years."

—— "I didn't know he was eccentric."

Niciejewski: "He wasn't—he was bald."

Woodrow Grant: "Waiter! Waiter! There's a fly in my soup."

Waiter: "Don't be alarmed sir, he can swim."

E. Gelt: "What's the toothbrush in your lapel for?"

S. Gelt: "Oh, that's my class pin. I'm going to Colgate."

Arline: "Did anyone ever tell you how handsome and attractive you are?"

Eddie: "No I don't believe they ever did."

Arline: "Then where'd you get the idea?"

The Ideal Book Store has sent out the following books to:

Norton Bagley: "Live Alone and Like It."

Andy Masellis: "The Sun Also Rises."

Charles Myatt: "Return I Dare Not."

Woodrow Grant: "Gone With the Wind."

Ruth Corliss: "Wake Up and Live."

Senior Class: "One More Spring."

Peter Young: "Never Ask the End."

Amelia Romeiko: "How To Win Friends and Influence People."

Marion Morrison: "All's Well That Ends Well."

Red: (in streetcar) "Lady would you like me to get you a strap?"

Lady: "No thanks, I have one."

Red: "Well, would you mind letting go of my tie?"

A fly was walking with her daughter on the head of a bald man. She remarked:

"How things have changed. When I was your age there was only a footpath here."

Curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

A line of cars winds slowly over the lea.

The pedestrian plods his absent minded way

And leaves the world quite suddenly.

John Devine: "May I have the last dance with you?"

Irene Keith: "You've had it."

City Visitors: "I suppose you hatch these eggs yourself."

Borowski: "No, we keep a few hens to look after the small details."

Charlie: "Say Pop, does your sister get her own way as much as mine does?"

Pop: "Does she! Why she writes her diary a week ahead of time."

Charlie: "My uncle suffered twelve heart attacks before he died."

Andy: "Which one killed him?"

Mr. Clark: "You missed class yesterday didn't you?"

Myatt: "Not in the least, sir, not in the *least*."

Draßer: (visiting farm is shown colt) "That's funny."

Father: "What's the matter don't you like him?"

Draßer: "Yeah, but where's the rockers?"

Wells: "How were your marks this time, Gale?"

Gale: "They're under water."

Wells: "What do you mean, under water?"

Gale: "Below 'C' level."

Mr. Gaskill: "I would like a preparation of phenylisothiocyanate."

Druggist: "Do you mean mustard oil?"

Mr. G.: "O yes, funny I can never think of that name."

Dexter: "I want an all day sucker."

Levandowski: "Here you are, First National Special."

Dexter: "Hmm, kind of small isn't it?"

Lev.: "Certainly, the days are getting shorter."

Mr. Gaskill: "What does HNO₃ stand for?"

Niciejewski: "Well, ah, er, er—Gee I can't say it. It's right on the tip of my tongue though."

Mr. Gaskill: (dryly) "Well you'd better spit it out its nitric acid."

Definition: Communist urge—"Go places and boo things."

——— Two Alumni meet on the street September 1937

1st: "How's business going pal?"

2nd: "I can't criticize."

1st: "That's fine."

2nd: "No it isn't I'm a critic."

——— "Anyone who goes around with Marion has to pay the price sooner or later."

——— "What price do you mean?"

——— "The quarter her brother always asks for."

Red: "When I was in Atlantic City I stopped at the Ambassador Hotel."

Amelia: "Why the Ambassador is in Philadelphia."

Red: "What? No wonder it took me so long to walk to the beach."

Albert Dick: "Hey Walt, you've got your shoes on wrong. You have the right one on the left foot."

Borowski: "My gosh. They've been that way for twenty years, I thought I was clubfooted."

Stevens: "Can you read my mind?"

Althea: "Sure."

Vaughan: "Go ahead."

Sweet: "No, you go ahead."

Draper: "I was offered \$5,000 a week to go on the stage but I declined."

Hanf: "Yes, why risk your life for so little."

Glidden: "I'm having a terrible battle selling used cars."

Paul Smith: "Yeah, I'm having a terrible uphill battle, too."

Glidden: "How's that?"

Paul: "I bought one of your used cars."

—— "What would you say if your wife presented you with quadruplets?"

—— "Four crying out loud."

Two Seniors stopped at a tourist inn and applied for a room overnight. They were shown to a room with a feather bed.

About one A. M. the first awoke.

1st Senior: "Mmm oh my back. Hey Bill, Bill."

2nd: "Yeah, what do you want?"

1st: "Move over. It's my turn to sleep on the feather."

LIFE OF A JOKE

Birth: A Freshman thinks it up and laughs out loud in Chapel.

Age 5 minutes: The Freshman tells it to a Junior who says it's pretty good but he had heard it before.

Age 1 day: Humor Editor turns it in as his own.

Age 2 days: Editor thinks it's terrible.

Age 10 days: Editor has to fill magazine, so joke is printed.

Age 1 month: Thirteen other school magazines reprint it.

Age 3 years: Monitor reprints it in "Lighter Vein."

Age 10 years: Seventy-nine radio comedians discover it simultaneously, tell it, accompanied by howls of mirth from the orchestra (\$5.00 a howl).

Age 100 years: Teachers start telling it in class.



ALUMNI NOTES

- 1855 Mrs. Mary F. Webster Ray, oldest Pinkerton alumna, died in Haverhill on February 18, 1937.
- 1933 Miss Jean Stevens, a graduate of the Class of 1933, is now a practice teacher in Concord, New Hampshire.
- 1936 Frances Grover—Miss Grover was married on February 20, 1937 to Ellery Boles of Derry. They will reside in Derry.
- 1936 Clarence Patten—Mr. Patten is an honor student at Syracuse University.

BIRTHS

To Dr. and Mrs. H. Linton January, a daughter on March 4, 1937. Nancy Ann. The mother will be remembered as Bessie Clark of the class of 1930.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mishu, a daughter on March 7, 1937. The mother will be remembered as Doris Goyette of the class of 1935.

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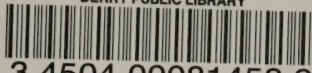
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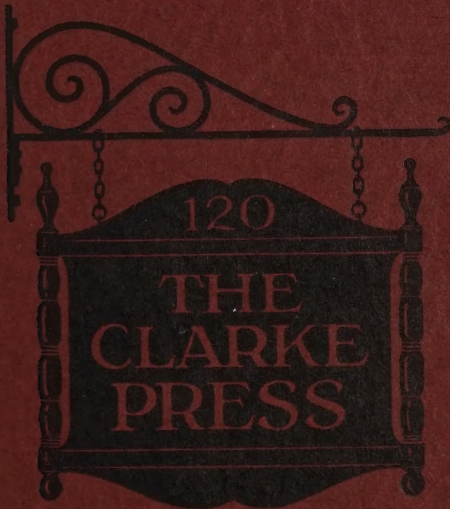
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